

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

THE INDUSTRIAL AND EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF OUR PEOPLE PARAMOUNT TO ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS OF STATE POLICY.

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AGRICULTURE

HARRY FARMER'S TALKS.

CXXVI.

Editor of The Progressive Farmer:

We met a lady a few days ago who has succeeded in farming, and knowing the land well, we asked her to tell just how she managed to increase the crops on such poor land. Just listen: "I commenced rotating the crops and using some acid phosphate, kainit and cotton-seed meal, about 200 pounds of each of the two first named and 100 pounds of the latter. I use this under cotton and get over a bale to the acre. When I begun I made one bale on three acres. I bought a subsoil plow and broke the land deep. I keep the land well stirred in the summer. I have used several varieties of cotton and do not find much difference in them. The cluster cotton does not mature the bolls near the top if the weather is dry. I have tried some of the improved grasses. I succeeded in making one good crop of hay, but do not think it at all certain. I want a shredder. I think it would be nice. If we had the stock law it would save me a lot of money that I spend now for posts."

Now the writer knows this land, and used to hear just such remarks as these about it: "That land makes bumble bee cotton," because it grew so small. "If it were mine, I would hill it up and let the cotton have another year to grow in."

CROP ROTATION

Her rotation now is corn, cotton, oats and cow peas. We have often told the readers of The Progressive Farmer the importance of rotating crops, deep plowing and frequent cultivation during the dry weather in summer. Part of this lady's land is nothing more than a sand bed. If she can succeed so well under such difficulties thousands of farmers can certainly do as well or better. There is one thing she did not mention that is important: she did not try to cultivate too much land.

FERTILIZER AND HUMUS.

Did you notice that she used a ton of fertilizer on four acres? To have used only 200 pounds to the acre would have resulted in about one-third the usual crop, not that that amount of fertilizer alone would increase the crop 200 per cent, but it helped to increase the other crops which gave more vegetable matter to the soil, thus preparing it for dry weather. A heavy application of con-

centrated or chemical fertilizer applied to the soil year after year, and the land cultivated in cotton or other hoed crops so that the land is left bare in the winter, will soon exhaust the best land. In order to raise good crops a heavier application is made every year and a cry goes up that fertilizers are not so good as they used to be. Now the cause of this is not in the fertilizer but in using up the vegetable matter in the soil. A man can take a glass of whiskey and it will make him feel stronger and he can do more work for a short time, but it is necessary to increase the quantity in order for it to have the desired effect until the man is ruined. So concentrated fertilizers, used as stated above, will affect the soil. The remedy is rotation and increasing the humus in the soil. This is the secret of that lady's success.

HARRY FARMER.

Columbus Co., N. C.

The Prevention of Hog Cholera.

Editor of The Progressive Farmer:

As so many of our farmers are increasing the number of their pure-bred hogs, it is well to remember that hog cholera is still in the land. Twenty-five years ago I was raising hogs in the rich corn country of Illinois. One year, the two counties, Champaign and Iroquois, lost something like a million dollars worth of hogs. The farmers were distracted. We tried everything; at last bought at a high price the following recipe (which I have taken pleasure to give the farmers). After its use very little hog cholera ever prevailed in that section. It is also very useful as a healthy condiment or for kidney worms, etc.:

	In bulk.
Surphur	1½ parts.
Copperas	1½ parts.
Black antimony,	½ parts.
Powdered charcoal	4 parts.
Salt	1 parts.
Hardwood ashes	1½ parts.

I. C. WADE.

Bylow Hill Farm, Cornelia, Ga.

Mr. R. D. Martin, who conducts the agricultural department of the Gastonia Gazette, writes The Progressive Farmer as follows:

"Cotton has developed very slowly. There are hundreds of acres of cotton not twelve inches high. No limbs or squares yet. Last year blooms were plentiful by the 25th of June. I have heard of no blooms yet. The farmers think the first blooms in this section will be about July 15. The crop is three weeks later than last year. The plant to-day is the smallest ever known at this date. The corn prospect is fairly good."

A Farmer's Saturday Evening Musings.

Editor of The Progressive Farmer:

The week's work is finished. The farm work has been pressed; it is so much better to drive the work, than to let the work drive us. We take a reasonable task, do it to the finish, and then rest.

Work—rest, these are grand words fraught with a meaning high as heaven. None can rest but he who works. It is so sweet to rest. Our Father worked, then rested; it is the order of heaven as well as of earth. We look around us this evening to see if the work has been faithfully finished: the minute, varied, duties of the farm carefully carried out. Sweet potatoes worked before they got grassy; cotton clean; corn tasselling out prettily and so green; tomatoes ripe and luscious, gathered for to-morrow; peaches and apples all in store for rest day, and prepared as far as possible for Sunday. No hot dinners for Sunday haunt the minds or burden the hearts of our household.

Things are not perfect here—no, not by a long difference. There is that three-acre piece of oat stubble that was to be broken and sown to peas this week, not touched; ground too dry to plow it. So we took the weeds out of the corn and laid it by, and this compensates for the failure to turn the oat sod. The hens are trying to set and we only had five dozen eggs for market instead of eight or ten dozen; but they are up three or four cents and that is not bad. Our old cow has got down to one and a half gallons of milk a day, but the young one comes in next week fresh and promising, so the cream bowl will not be empty.

Some one says, "These nights are getting awful hot." Well, we just think that cotton is doing its best these hot nights, and that is quite a compensation.

We leave the farm this week, full of gratitude for the wonderful privilege of living, working and resting on the farm, its wondrous variety for heart, head and hand culture, its consolations, its real satisfactions. No other work affords so great variety as does farm work, and no other affords rest so sweet. Just the thought that after Sunday's rest we look on the fields and patches and find the work going on; yes, the farmer's work goes on while he rests. Melon vines longer and melons larger; that peach tree that yielded up all its ripe fruit to-day, will have

more red, luscious and palatable by Monday. That little cucumber, only two inches long this morning, will be six inches long next week and ready for use or sale. So Nature's laboratory is at work down in the ground, up in the air, rain, sunshine, wind,—all move the farmer forward in his work.

"We envy not the banker, nor any indoor wok, We'd rather sweat behind the plow than sit as office clerk."

We think as we muse this evening that no farmer can really enjoy his work without reading the current news and learning what other people are doing. A farmer needs about three agricultural papers, three literary and three religious, and of course his local paper. And this farmer has the number as above and even more. We like plain living and high thinking.

We love to meditate, review. Yes, last Sunday was review day in the Sunday-school. Every day should have its review. That man is losing ground who does not take time for a few minutes quiet, careful, thoughtful, prayerful review. It helps the man and often helps those around him.

We followed Paul in our review last Sunday—the grandest man among men, the noblest Roman of all. He could face a Jewish mob, command a ship's crew or lie in a Roman dungeon and write one last loving letter to his son Timothy.

It will help us as we close the book of life some Saturday night and retire from the scenes that surround us here, to awake in the glorious eternal Sabbath of rest that remains for all God's children who have toiled on, followed on faithfully, till the Master says, "Come up higher."

D. L.

Craven Co., N. C.

Mr. Editor, I know that I will enjoy reading your most excellent paper with more pleasure when I have paid for it, so I herewith enclose you check for \$1.50 to pay one year's subscription, from April 1903, and for a copy of Dr. Burkett's "Feeding Farm Animals." Every farmer in North Carolina should be a subscriber to your paper.—Jno. Knox Hughes, Sheriff Orange County, N. C.

Editor Varner, of the Lexington Dispatch, was elected president of the State Press Association at its meeting at Wrightsville last week.